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- ART. IV. — 1. *An Address delivered on the Dedication of the Cemetery of Mount Auburn, September 21st, 1831.* By JOSEPH STORY. *To which is added an Appendix, containing an Historical Notice and Description of the Place, with a List of the present Subscribers.* Boston. 1831.
2. *An Address delivered on the Consecration of the Worcester Rural Cemetery, September 8th, 1838.* By LEVI LINCOLN. Boston. 1838.
3. *The Dedication of the Green Mount Cemetery, July 13th, 1839.* Address by JOHN P. KENNEDY. Baltimore. 1839.
4. *An Address delivered at the Consecration of the Harmony Grove Cemetery, in Salem, June 14th, 1840.* By DANIEL APPLETON WHITE. *With an Appendix.* Salem. 1840.
5. *Exposition of the Plan and Objects of the Green-Wood Cemetery, an Incorporated Trust, chartered by the Legislature of the State of New York.* New York. 1830.
6. *Regulations of the Laurel Hill Cemetery, on the River Schuylkill, near Philadelphia ; the Act of Incorporation by the Legislature of Pennsylvania in 1837 ; and a Catalogue of the Proprietors of Lots.* Philadelphia. 1840.
7. *Cemetery Interment : containing a Concise History of the Modes of Interment practised by the Ancients ; Descriptions of Père la Chaise ; the Eastern Cemeteries, and those of America ; the English Metropolitan and Provincial Cemeteries, and more particularly of the Abney Park Cemetery, at Stoke Newington, with a Descriptive Catalogue of its Plants and Arboretum.* London. 1840.

“ HERE ’s fine revolution, an we had the trick to see ’t. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them ? Mine ache to think on ’t.” Hamlet speaks here, in his “moody moralizing” over the bones in the churchyard, which the clown, “who had no feeling of his business,” threw out of the grave, the common sentiment of the human heart. But of what consequence, it may be asked, is the condition of these mortal bodies of ours, when they have fulfilled their brief office, and the aching frame has returned to its kindred earth ? Suppose they be “knocked about the mazzard with a sexton’s spade,” what is that to the disenthralled spirit, which alone is cognizant ? The Cynics did affect thus to speak of the burial of the dead. Plato, in his Republic, allowed no larger funeral monument than one

which would contain four heroic verses, and set apart the most barren ground for sepulture. Pliny says, all interest in this subject is a weakness only known to men. Socrates *seemed* to be of this way of thinking, when he told his friends, after his manner, that they might bury or burn his body, if they would not think they thereby buried or burned Socrates ; while in reality he only meant to declare his belief in the soul's immortality. Solon, one of the seven sages of Greece, wished that his body might be carried, after death, to his native Salamis, to be burned there, and its ashes to be scattered to the winds. The Cynic Diogenes directed his friends to expose his body after death to birds and beasts of prey. Seneca would give no directions in regard to his, saying that the necessity of the case would provide for it. There are insulated cases too, in all ages, of persons who, in like manner, are indifferent to what may befall their remains ; and it is not, we suppose, a very difficult thing to make an argument to show why we might be thus indifferent. But argue and philosophize as we may on this subject, the fact, — the all but universal fact, — is otherwise. We all, as a general rule, *feel* otherwise ; and feeling, on a question like this, is the best of all good arguments. We *do* care for the future condition of that, which was once so intimately a part of ourselves. It is no pleasant thought, that, in a few years, even perhaps before the grave-worm shall have done his whole work, these material parts of ourselves, once instinct with the deathless principle which makes us what we are, once the seat of all our sensations, and the medium of our whole intercourse with the world without, — should be crowded in their last narrow house, or jostled from their final resting-place to make room for unbidden comers, or be cast up to the vulgar eye, and be “ jowled to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder ! ” No, for ourselves, and, we repeat it, the sentiment is all but universal in human hearts, we desire a quiet and appropriate place of sepulture, where, secure from intrusion, and in decent observance, our remains may repose ; and where those who loved us while here, may go and ponder on our memories when earthly intercourse is over.

But, whatever may be our unconcern for the final disposition of our own remains after death, we cannot be indifferent to the disposal of those of our friends. However coolly we may speculate on the nothingness of the “ mortal coil,” when the mysterious principle, that kept it from mingling with its

kindred elements is extinct, the heart here again assumes its own high prerogative, and decides the question by an impulse that supersedes all argument, and with an authority that must be obeyed. All that was truly them and theirs survives with us. They yet live on in our affections. We still commune with them in our holiest hours. We hold a spiritual intercourse with them, which is more solemn, if not more tender, than their living presence could afford. How often, in standing by the grave of a friend, are we ready to respond to the beautiful tribute of Moore to "Mary." (*O si sic omnia !*)

" Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To *live* with them is far less sweet
Than to *remember* thee." *

These recollections we feel it to be equally our duty and our privilege to cherish, and, though they are kindred with painful regrets, they are the last that we willingly forego. Hence all that once belonged to the departed, whom we loved, is now held as consecrate. All that they once valued is now yet more endeared to us. We love to multiply the tokens of what they were, and what they were to us. We are especially concerned to mark the spot where we took our last leave of all of them that was mortal. It henceforth becomes to us as holy ground ; a place set apart and hallowed to tender recollections, to holy musings, to fruitful meditations, to virtuous resolves, to strong yet chastened anticipations of the hour when this " mortal shall put on immortality," and of that reunion and mutual recognition in an eternal state, where the changes of time and the blight of death can never enter !

But, in addition to the natural promptings of sentiment and feeling, the appropriate burial of the dead is a subject of deep interest on many accounts. It is fraught with moral and religious uses, which the thoughtful will readily interpret. It is enforced by considerations, which, though of a less refined character, are absolutely imperative. The strong law of necessity leaves us little choice in this matter. The great destroyer is ever busy. A generation of men passes away in less than half the " threescore years and ten " allotted to men. Thrice in a century all the generations of the dwellers on the earth are changed, by death. In

* " Heu ! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse." Byron's version of the same beautiful thought is as much less graceful, as it is more paraphrastic.

nearly every second of time, some one, somewhere, dies. The only alternative left therefore to survivors is, whether the remains of the departed shall be buried with decency, reverence, and edifying rites, or hurried out of sight in brutal neglect and contempt. It is not strange, then, that a subject thus commended to human regard by feeling, duty, and necessity, should always have been regarded as one of personal concern. Such is the fact. The earliest memorials of the earliest times illustrate this.* Indeed, it is a singular circumstance, and one not very creditable to modern times, that this sentiment of reverence towards the dead was most fully and elaborately manifested in the most remote periods, and in the rudest forms of society, while it has almost uniformly decayed with the progress of civilization. Egypt, that land of wonders, is even now peculiarly distinguished for its stupendous monuments, erected, time out of mind, in honor of the dead; and its soil, around the site of its great cities, is almost literally sown with the carefully preserved remains of millions of bodies. Petra, the Edom of prophecy, whose existence was unknown for a thousand years, presented, when discovered, on every side, tombs and mausoleums of surpassing splendor. It was evidently the Necropolis of a nation. Etruria, which flourished before Romulus was born, has recently become a region of enlightened curiosity,† on account of its sepulchral vases and monuments. The funereal structures of ancient Greece and Rome are yet consulted as models, while the ruder tumuli, which are scattered over the face of the whole earth, show the prevalence of the sentiment in which both originated. All literature of former times, both sacred and classical, abounds with allusions to the pious care that was devoted to the remains of the dead. This subject, moreover, has attracted a large share of the attention of learned men,‡ and their researches have brought to light all the

* The horrid charnel-pits in Naples, into which the undistinguished dead are thrust at the present day, with even no affectation of common decency, compared with the ancient monumental structures with which they are surrounded, may well illustrate the remark in the text.

† See the "Tour to the Sepulchres of Etruria," by Mrs. Hamilton Gray.

‡ See "Johannis Meursii de Funere Liber singularis, in quo Græci et Romani Ritus, &c.;" "Josephi Laurentii, Lucensis, de Funeribus Antiquorum Tractatus, in quo Ritus Funebres ante Rogum, in Rogo, et post Rogum explicantur, &c.;" "Jo. Andreæ Quenstedii, Wittenburgensis, de Sepultura Veterum Tractatus, sive de Antiquis Ritibus sepulchralibus Græcorum, Romanorum, Judæorum, et Christianorum;" "Libri III de Sepulchris Hebræorum Veterum — Ex S. Scriptura Gen. 2, 3, 2., Reg. 13. &c. — Ex. Rabinorum Commentis, quæ extant in Mishna Bava." &c. But the work

different usages and ceremonies, which, from time to time, have prevailed in the burial of the dead.

We had prepared ourselves to offer some remarks on each of the topics here suggested, but find that we have not room, perhaps not an appropriate place in the pages of our journal, for those details into which such inquiries necessarily lead, and without which they are of little use. We shall confine ourselves to those more popular views of the subject, that may seem best adapted to reward the attention of the general reader.

A new interest has recently been awakened in this country in regard to this subject, and it has taken a direction, — that of the establishment of *Rural Cemeteries*, — which we have been happy to notice, and shall feel ourselves privileged to promote. The first movement of the kind in Massachusetts was made in Boston, in the year 1825; but, as the committee then appointed in furtherance of the design were unable to find a suitable lot of ground, they never made a report, and the project fell through. In 1830, the subject was revived, and Mount Auburn, a spot of surpassing loveliness and fitness for the object, having been secured, the project was at once adopted by the public with especial favor, and carried forward with energy to its completion.

The consecration of Mount Auburn Cemetery was solemnized on Saturday, September 26th, 1831, by sacred music, prayers, and an address by Mr. Justice Story. The services were performed in a glen, which seemed to be scooped out by the hand of nature for the express purpose. Thousands of sympathizing auditors were arranged around its circular acclivities; the day was one of almost unearthly serenity, and peculiarly fraught with those pensive and religious influences and associations, which mark the early approaches of autumn in this climate; and the whole scene and service left on the mind an unbroken impression of devout solemnity and pathos.

The successful establishment of Mount Auburn was probably the immediate occasion of the foundation of many others,

by John Kirchman, entitled "*De Funeribus Romanorum Libri Quatuor, cum Appendice, nitidissimis figuris illustrati* — Lug. Batav. 1672," contains, in a small compass, and in quite readable Latin, a vast amount of learning, and the most satisfactory information on the subject upon which it treats. This last treatise we have seen in a separate form; the three first mentioned are to be found in the eleventh volume of the *Thesaurus* of Gronovius.

since more rural cemeteries have started into existence in this country within the last ten years, than during two centuries before.* They have been established at Worcester and Salem, in Massachusetts; at Baltimore; at New York; at Philadelphia; and there is a small but beautiful one belonging to one of the religious societies at Dunstable, and another upon a larger scale at Portsmouth, in New Hampshire.† The same just taste has been manifested in many of the smaller towns throughout the country, in the renovation and embellishment of the grave-yards which were already in existence, while a better propriety is now deemed necessary in the location of new ones.

The addresses, whose titles we have placed at the head of this paper, were delivered at the consecration of the several cemeteries to which they refer. It is impossible, within our prescribed limits, to speak of them with that particularity to which their merit, severally, entitles them. It must suffice to say, that they are worthy of the occasions which called them forth. We subjoin a few extracts from the descriptive parts of these discourses, both in justice to the writers, and that we may place permanently on our pages such true and beautiful descriptions of the spots to which they refer.

From the first of these addresses, that delivered at Mount Auburn, we select the following;‡

“ And what spot can be more appropriate than this, for such a purpose? Nature seems to point it out, with significant energy, as the favorite retirement for the dead. There are around us all the varied features of her beauty and grandeur,— the forest-crowned height; the abrupt acclivity; the sheltered valley; the deep glen; the grassy glade; and the silent grove. Here are the lofty oak, the beech, that ‘wreathes its old fantastic roots so high’; the rustling pine and the drooping willow;— the tree, that sheds its pale leaves with every autumn, a fit emblem of our own transitory bloom; and the ever-

* The Cemetery or Burial Ground in New Haven was formed many years ago, and doubtless has had no small effect in preparing the public mind for similar enterprises. The published thoughts of the late President Dwight on this subject are very worthy of the theme and the author.

† Since writing the above we have learned, that a lovely and picturesque spot has been set apart for a Cemetery at Springfield, in Massachusetts, and that the work of laying it out, and embellishing it have fallen into the proper hands. A Cemetery in the city of Lowell has also been set apart and consecrated.

‡ This address has also been published entire, in the volume entitled “Cemetery Interment.”

green, with its perennial shoots, instructing us, that 'the wintry blast of death kills not the buds of virtue.' Here is the thick shrubbery, to protect and conceal the new-made grave ; and there is the wild-flower, creeping along the narrow path, and planting its seeds in the upturned earth. All around us there breathes a solemn calm, as if we were in the bosom of a wilderness, broken only by the breeze, as it murmurs through the tops of the forest, or by the notes of the warbler, pouring forth his matin or his evening song.

"Ascend but a few steps, and what a change of scenery to surprise and delight us. We seem, as it were in an instant, to pass from the confines of death, to the bright and balmy regions of life. Below us flows the winding Charles, with its rippling current, like the stream of time hastening to the ocean of eternity. In the distance, the city, — at once the object of our admiration and our love, — rears its proud eminences, its glittering spires, its lofty towers, its graceful mansions, its curling smoke, its crowded haunts of business and pleasure, which speak to the eye, and yet leave a noiseless loneliness on the ear. Again we turn, and the walls of our venerable University rise before us, with many a recollection of happy days passed there in the interchange of study and friendship, and many a grateful thought of the affluence of its learning, which has adorned and nourished the literature of our country. Again we turn, and the cultivated farm, the neat cottage, the village church, the sparkling lake, the rich valley, and the distant hills, are before us, through opening vistas ; and we breathe amidst the fresh and varied labors of man." — pp. 16–18.

The success which has attended this enterprise is fully answerable to its auspicious commencement.* The whole extent of the ground has been enclosed, and commodiously and beautifully intersected by avenues and foot-paths. The gate is a chaste and beautiful specimen of Egyptian architecture. It is modelled, as we learn, after one of the principal gates of Thebes, in which the sloping wall, so common in Egyptian architecture, is avoided in the side piers. The loftiness of the lower part of the entablature, and the boldness and breadth of the curve, give to this specimen a decided superiority over most modern imitations of Egyptian archi-

* The Cemetery comprises 110½ acres. Nearly all the avenues and paths that will be required are now made. The whole cost of the Cemetery, including improvements up to the close of the year 1840, is \$37,066.20. The amount of lots sold and appropriated by votes of the Trustees to the same date, is 751 ; of these 172 contain tombs, and 149 have monuments. The amount of sales, to the above date, is \$60,842.01 ; and the funds invested and on hand, amounted to \$19,477.32.

ture.* This style is wanting, indeed, in those religious associations, which peculiarly recommend the Gothic for monumental purposes ; but still it is remarkable for its originality of conception, massiveness, simplicity, and boldness of outline ; and, derived as it is from a land which is emphatically a monumental one, and one that may be regarded now as little else than one vast cemetery, it cannot be considered as out of keeping with associations of a place of burial. In regard to the design before us, it is in itself so beautiful, and has met with such general approval, that we conceive there can be no longer any reason for delaying to perpetuate it in the proper material.

From the address delivered at Worcester, by Governor Lincoln, we select the following brief but graphical remarks.

“ Standing here in your midst, with all the preparation of the place in full view before us, it needs not, that I point you to its picturesque beauties, or mark how art has improved, or taste embellished, the loveliness of nature. The broad avenue and the winding path are before you. The open plain, the gently rising hill, the easy sloping declivity, the natural rivulet, and the miniature lake of artificial creation, are among the diversified objects of this attractive spot. Here are the deep shade of the evergreen tree, and the pure cold water of the perennial fountain, to soothe and refresh the weary and the disconsolate. Even solitude’s self may here find retirement, and melancholy her chosen food for meditation. In the capaciousness and diversity of the grounds, and the order of their arrangement, the requirement of every taste will be satisfied. The head of the humble may be laid low in the glen, and the green moss gather upon the dampness of the grave-stone, or the ashes of the world’s favored ones be mingled with the dust of the hillock, and the sculptured marble upon the mound, proclaim the end of earth’s greatness. Sympathies and feelings will select the spot where congenial associations cluster, and that spot will become sacred to affection and the

* We have heard this gateway favorably contrasted with that recently erected at the “ Granary ” burial-place in Boston. In the latter, “ the entablature is said to be altogether too low ; the curve too nearly circular for beauty ; and above all, the length of the whole top, where it joins the posts, two or three inches too short.” We do not pretend to decide such questions as these, but, as every thing connected with the public architecture of our cities is a public interest, we submit the above criticism to the consideration of those qualified to decide. But, whatever may be thought of the details of this re-construction of the wall of the “ Old Granary ” burial-place, there can be but one opinion respecting the pious care that has been recently bestowed upon it by the public authorities, and the good taste, with the above exception, in which it has been manifested.

love of virtue. Religion shall find here a temple in every grove, and prayer an altar on every mound. The throng of the idle multitude shall not obtrude within these walks, nor the din of the world's cares disturb the quiet of these shades, nor the footsteps of business cross the pathway to the tomb, nor the swift heel of pleasure press the bosom of the fresh tenant of the grave."—pp. 20, 21.

From the address of Mr. Kennedy, at the consecration of "Green Mount Cemetery," in Baltimore, Maryland, we extract the following beautiful and characteristic passage.

"I know not where the eye may find more pleasing landscapes than those which surround us. Here within our enclosures, how aptly do these sylvan embellishments harmonize with the designs of the place!—this venerable grove of ancient forest; this lawn shaded with choicest trees; that green meadow, where the brook creeps through the tangled thicket begemmed with wild flowers; these embowered alleys and pathways hidden in shrubbery, and that grassy knoll studded with evergreens and sloping to the cool dell where the fountain ripples over its pebbly bed,—all hemmed in by yon natural screen of foliage which seems to separate this beautiful spot from the world, and devote it to the tranquil uses to which it is now to be applied. Beyond the gate that guards these precincts we gaze upon a landscape rife with all the charms that hill and dale, forest-clad heights, and cultivated fields may contribute to enchant the eye. That stream, which northward cleaves the woody hills, comes murmuring to our feet, rich with the reflections of the bright heaven and the green earth; thence leaping along between its granite banks, hastens towards the city whose varied outline of tower, steeple, and dome, gilded by the evening sun and softened by the haze, seems to sleep in perspective against the southern sky; and there, fitly stationed within our view, that noble column, destined to immortality from the name it bears, lifts high above the ancient oaks that crown the hill, the venerable form of the Father of his Country, a majestic image of the deathlessness of virtue.

"Though scarce an half hour's walk from yon living mart, where one hundred thousand human beings toil in their noisy crafts, here the deep quiet of the country reigns, broken by no ruder voice than such as marks the tranquillity of rural life,—the voice of 'birds on branches warbling,'—the lowing of distant cattle, and the whetting of the mower's scythe. Yet tidings of the city not unpleasantly reach the ear in the faint murmur which at intervals is borne hither upon the freshening

breeze, and more gratefully still in the deep tones of that cathedral bell,

‘Swinging slow, with sullen roar,’

as morning and noon, and richer at even tide, it flings its pealing melody across these shades with an invocation that might charm the lingering visitor to prayer.” — pp. 30, 31.

Green Mount Cemetery is a part of the country-seat of the late Robert Oliver, of the city of Baltimore, the whole of which was purchased by an association of gentlemen in 1838, for sixty-five thousand dollars. Its local beauties and advantages are alluded to in the above extract. Unlike Mount Auburn, the trees are, for the most part, set regularly to form avenues. It is surrounded by a permanent wall of stone, and ornamented with a very beautiful gate-way, which is in the Gothic style of architecture, and by some persons is preferred to that of Mount Auburn. One provision deserves particular mention. After reserving out of the proceeds of the sale of lots \$40,000, to be invested as a permanent fund for the preservation of the cemetery, all further proceeds are to be appropriated, in certain definite proportions, to the improvement and ornamenting of the cemetery, to the promotion of the cause of Temperance, Sunday Schools, a Seamen’s Home, and an Apprentices’ Library. Indeed the whole arrangement of the Cemetery seems to have been conceived and carried on in a spirit of wisdom and philanthropy that deserves all confidence and encouragement, and we are happy to learn that the success of the enterprise has surpassed all expectation.*

We close these extracts with one from the “Address at the Consecration of Harmony Grove Cemetery, in Salem (Mass.), June 14th, 1840, by D. A. White ;” which is as true to nature and to fact, as it is high-toned and beautiful in the expression.

“The lovers of nature had long been familiar with this rural retreat, attracted not only by the beauty of its scenery, but by the early flowering plants, which abound here in great variety, and by the harmony of the feathered songsters, which have ever delighted to collect here and to enliven with their notes the beautiful grove which owes to them its name. This portion of our grounds is finely wooded, presenting also an in-

* According to the Report published in 1840, lots had been sold to the amount of more than \$70,000.

teresting variety of trees in proportion to their number. To some of you it may have been a subject of regret, that the fields, which have been added to complete the necessary extent of grounds, are not equally adorned with trees. But, I think, we must all be satisfied with their present condition, when we consider the opportunity thus afforded for introducing improvements in the order and kind of trees and shrubs. We may confidently trust to the correct judgment and taste of our friends who superintend these improvements, that every thing in their power will be done to enrich and adorn these fields with appropriate plants and foliage. It is their intention to introduce here, as far as may be practicable, every variety of American forest tree and shrubbery, forming a complete *Arboretum Americanum*, delightful to the lover of nature, and useful in a high degree to the student of natural history. This object alone, together with the beautiful promenades and healthful influences attending it, affording exhilarating exercise and the purest enjoyment, is of infinitely more value than its whole cost, to the people of our city and community who appreciate the gratifications of taste and the blessings of health. How incalculable then is the value of these grounds, when, in addition to all other advantages, we take into view the great and holy purpose to which they are now to be consecrated, and for which they are so admirably adapted.

“In casting our eyes around us, we are at once struck with the bold, yet beautifully variegated scenery of the place, presenting, at a single glance, every desirable structure and modification of grounds ; high lands and low lands, the rocky cliff, the woody knoll, and the sheltered valley, with shady groves, and sunny slopes, and verdant plains, all graced by the gently winding stream beneath, which flows so softly by, that it seems to linger as if to enjoy the scene. Ascending the summit, our eyes open upon an extensive and richly diversified landscape, around the whole horizon, embracing delightful views of our neighbouring villages of Danvers and Beverly, and, in the wide range between them, cultivated hills and fruitful orchards, with handsome edifices interspersed, half buried in the foliage. In an opposite direction, rise before our view the spires and towers of our city of peace, with noble prospects of the harbour and of the ocean. Before quitting the beautifully varied landscape, our eyes will not fail to be arrested by that ancient ‘garden of graves’ on the opposite margin of the river, where sleep the forefathers of some of our worthy associates ; — an object, always beheld from these groves with solemn emotions, and now to mingle its holiest influences with all that is hallowed here.

“But I would not undertake to describe to you, my friends,

what you behold in such vivid perfection, and what gives increased delight every time your eyes open upon the beautiful and picturesque scene. I would merely allude to some of the more prominent features and attributes of this fascinating retreat, which so preëminently qualify it for the uses of a rural cemetery. Its irregularities and varieties, affording a thousand interesting traits and local beauties, and always presenting something new in aspect or association, are among its leading charms. In such a region, the heart is never at a loss to find what is suited to inspire and fix its deep and tender sympathies, as well as to excite delighted emotions. Our local affections, like the vine, seek something to cling to and twine about in order to become strongly attached. Think you that the captive children of Judea would have mourned for their country with such undying love and tenderness, had not that country attached them by its varied and beautiful mountains, as well as its luxuriant vales? Think you that the Swiss patriot would cling to his native land with such ardor of soul, were its sublime mountainous scenery a level plain?

‘Dear is that hill which lifts him to the storm.’

So, too, the striking varieties of land and scenery presented by these lofty summits and lowly vales, with these rocks and trees, these shrubs and flowers, while they afford every desirable form and aspect of ground for sepulture, are, in the highest degree, adapted to attract the affections, and to produce strong and tender attachments.” — pp. 21–24.

This cemetery is, and promises to continue, one of the most beautiful and interesting in this country. It comprises thirty-five acres of land, and the loveliness of its site and prospects is not overrated in the quotation we have here made. It is situated out of the centre of the population, and is yet sufficiently near to the city to be easy of access. In some respects, it is thought to possess peculiar advantages. It combines the two objects of a rural cemetery and a public burial ground, thus obviating an objection which has sometimes been expressed against rural cemeteries, that, as they are exclusively private establishments, and are elaborately cared for and ornamented, they contrast invidiously with the ordinary places of public burial. But by this union of the two, and by a combination of public and private effort, provision is made for those who wish to secure private lots for themselves and their families, and at the same time, also, for

those who may not, for any reason, either of choice or necessity, avail themselves of this privilege ; while the great advantages of seclusion, rural beauty, inviolability of the relics of the dead, and an inalienable possession, are extended to all.

Another trait in the plan of this cemetery which deserves notice, is, that it contemplates the erection of a chapel or oratory within the enclosure, where the last religious rites of burial are to be performed. This, though common in similar establishments in Europe, has not, we believe, found a place in more than one in this country.* And yet, where the cemetery is sufficiently near to the centre of population to admit of the easy access of friends, a chapel for the performance of the religious services of burial, and sacred to them alone, seems to be all but indispensable. These services, as they are now conducted in private dwellings, are obviously liable to great objections. They render much bustle and irksome preparation necessary ; they fill the house of mourning with strangers, many of whom are often drawn thither by no worthier motive than a vulgar curiosity ; they disarrange the home of the mourner, and interrupt the usual habits of the family during the whole period that must intervene between death and the performance of the last rites, and, when these are paid, oblige the bereaved to return to a scene of confusion and disorder ; — thus adding, in various ways, disagreeable circumstances and unnecessary discomfort to what is in itself necessarily most painful ; — and all this at a time, too, when the heart, if ever, in the providence of God, sighs for quiet and seclusion. All these difficulties are obviously aggravated when the house, where death has been, is small and confined, and where, as is often the case in cities, two or three families dwell beneath the same roof. Many of these difficulties and annoyances may be obviated, indeed, by performing the last religious services in the church, as is the practice of some classes of Christians. But the arrangement is better still, when a suitable edifice is prepared, adapted in its style of architecture, and in its internal arrangements, for the reception and safe preservation of the remains of the dead, and where the last appropriate services may be duly paid. All this, as we have intimated, enters into the plan of the “ Harmony Grove Cemetery.” A beautiful natural mound, situated nearly in the

* Laurel Hill, near Philadelphia.

centre of the grounds, has been set apart for a chapel, in the exercise of that excellent taste that has reigned throughout the whole disposition of the place. It only now remains for some of the many wealthy inhabitants of that ancient city to honor themselves by the erection of a suitable chapel, and thus raise a noble monument to their memories. Indeed, it is seldom that such an admirable opportunity for the exertion of a large and enlightened public spirit presents itself.*

The cemetery at Laurel Hill is situated about four miles from the city of Philadelphia, on the banks of the Schuylkill River. The part reserved, in perpetuity, as a place of interment, and secured as such by an act of incorporation, lies westwardly of the "Ridge Turnpike Road," and comprises about thirty-two acres. It is a place of many rural charms, and is furnished, in addition to the receiving tomb usual in such places, with a mansion, chapel, superintendent's cottage, green-house, gardener's and porter's lodges, and shrubbery. It is also ornamented with statues of "Old Mortality" and his pony, and of Sir Walter Scott, cut from a quarry in New Jersey by the celebrated Thom. The description of "Old Mortality" in the "Tales of my Landlord," is faithfully and felicitously realized in stone, and should furnish to all subsequent proprietors a hint to keep the place in perpetual repair. "The figure of Sir Walter is one of two full length statues of the great author extant in stone, and is pronounced by competent judges an excellent likeness." The cemetery was incorporated in 1836. The first interment took place in October, 1836, before the survey of the plot was finished, in consequence of a lady having requested that she might be buried under a particular clump of trees. In one respect, and that

* A triangular lot has been reserved in a central part of the ground, where it has been proposed to erect a statue or monument to the memory of the honored and lamented BOWDITCH. This is peculiarly proper, and when completed, as has been proposed, will be honorable alike to the dead and the living. It is right and becoming that the city where this distinguished man was born, where he passed the greater part of his life, where he received, or rather where he achieved for himself, his high mental and moral culture, where his affections always turned with the ardor of a first love, and to which he left valuable tokens of his regard at his decease, should possess a permanent monument like this. It would be worth a thousand times its cost in the gratification of a proper self-respect it would afford to his fellow-citizens generally; and who shall estimate its propitious influences upon the minds of those ingenuous youth, who, generation after generation, shall thus be permitted to see an enduring memorial of what unaided self-training, united with high moral worth, can accomplish?

a very important one, it possesses an advantage over Green Mount Cemetery and many others in this country and elsewhere. We refer to the fact that graves are used in preference to vaults or tombs. The whole enterprise is considered by its friends to be in successful progress, though it has been obliged, we regret to learn, to contend with old customs and antiquated notions, together with the religious prejudices of one or two sects, and more than all, with an original outlay of funds, more than double that expended on Mount Auburn.*

Green-Wood Cemetery is situated on the undulating high ground back of Gowannis Church, in Brooklyn, near the city of New York, two miles and a half from the South Ferry. "The surface of the ground is beautifully diversified with hill and valley, descending in some places to less than twenty feet above tide-water, and, in others, rising to more than two hundred. One position in particular, called by way of pre-eminence, Mount Washington, is two hundred and sixteen feet high, being the most elevated ground in King's County, and is one of the highest points on Long Island. A considerable portion of the ground is now covered with a fine old forest of native growth, the verdure and shade of which originally suggested the name of *The Greenwood*." The site of the cemetery comprises an area of two hundred acres. The carriage avenues already opened and completed extend about three miles and a half in various directions, and have been staked out for the distance of twelve miles. The place has become one of frequent resort during the summer months, and this circumstance alone has done much to recommend it to public favor. Though the corporation have lost the immediate superintendence of its president, Major Douglas,† whose place, as a scientific and practical man, they may not hope easily to fill, yet there can be little doubt of the ultimate and entire success of the enterprise.

There are, as we have intimated, other very beautiful cemeteries of less note and importance scattered over the country, which we have not space to notice particularly. We have

* The cost of Laurel Hill Cemetery, up to the commencement of the present year, has been ninety-one thousand dollars. There were, at the same period, five hundred and fifty proprietors of lots, of different values, from fifty to many hundred dollars.

† Removed to the Presidency of Kenyon College in Ohio.

briefly referred to the above for the purpose of showing that a better feeling has begun to prevail amongst us in regard to the burial of the dead. And from these facts we indulge the hope that a great public interest is henceforth to receive that care which it imperiously demands, and which will serve, in some measure, to do away that reproach, to which our neglect and indifference to it have, hitherto, justly subjected us.

We would now add some suggestions on the appropriate rites and modes of burial. There seems to us to be quite as much need for improvement in these, as there was, until recently, in the places of sepulture.

And, first, the funeral service should, in our apprehension, be brief, and as *private* as the circumstances of the case will allow. The religious exercises should be condensed, comprehensive, and strictly in keeping with the person, place, and occasion. None but the immediate relatives and near friends, and those who really mourn, should be present at the service. The house of the mourners should be kept as quiet, as free from the intrusion of strangers as possible, for they need to be alone, who are attempting to gather up their religious resources, and reconcile their hearts, by degrees, to the now remediless blank that is left in the circle of their affections. Let it not become a sort of temporary bazar, where undertakers, and tailors, and mantua-makers, and milliners, *et id genus omne*, do congregate, to consult upon the last fashion that the "mockery of woe" has assumed. Let not the house, as we have before intimated, if funerals *must* be solemnized there, be disturbed in all its interior arrangements, to make room for a vacant crowd, who come as to an exciting spectacle. Let the funeral itself be simple, disfigured with no dark pomp and parade, no long procession of nodding plumes; and let the shocking mummeries of hired mourners, whether bipeds or quadrupeds, be shunned as an abomination. In one word, let all things be done simply, fitly, quietly, reverently, and with an utter rejection of all idle show and empty pageantry.

In the next place, we must say, though we are aware that opinions differ on the subject, that the *earth* is the proper place for the remains of the dead, and not a tomb or vault above or beneath it. In other words, they should be interred or inhumed, not entombed. There is beauty in the thought of Cicero, that we thus commit them to the protection of a

mother.* “What can be happier,” says Cyrus† to his children, “than that my body should mingle with that earth, which is the common giver of all things good !” We sympathize entirely with Laertes in his direction respecting the remains of his sister Ophelia ;

“Lay her i' the earth ;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring.”

Why should we wish to preserve the unsightly and necessarily offensive relics of our departed friends ? We can scarcely picture to ourselves a more disgusting scene than that of a cadavery of any kind ; that, for example, of the Capuchins near Palermo, which is the most famous in the world, where two thousand dead bodies are set up, habited in their accustomed dress, exhibits a wretched spectacle of diversified hideousness. And yet this is but a mitigated form of the horrid reality, as it must elsewhere exist, since desiccation here arrests decay. The corpse of Carlo Borromeo, which lies in a crypt in the cathedral of Milan, decked out, in all its ghastliness, with fine clothes and ornaments, is another specimen of this shocking mode of preservation. The Egyptians had some excuse for their extreme care in preserving the bodies of their dead, in their peculiar notions of Metempsychosis, thinking that they might thus retard the departure of the soul on its long series of transmigrations, or keep its pristine body ready for its reception on its return. The Romans cut off a finger from the corpse, partly, as is supposed, that they might have something that once made a portion of the deceased, in the practice of their parentations, or renewed funeral rites at the burial-place of their friends. But why men of this day, who have not the poor excuse of such superstitions to plead, should wish to preserve, or even render accessible, the decayed and debased and unsightly fragments of what were once their friends, is to us inconceivable. Could we, even by a word, arrest that process of decay, by which the elementary

* “Reddatur enim terræ corpus, et ita locatum ac situm, quasi operimento matris obducitur.” *De Legibus*, Lib. ii. It was also an ancient saying, “Terra es, terram geris, terram teris, in terram converteris.” Lucretius says of the earth,

“Omniparens, eadem rerum est commune sepulchrum.”

† Xenophon. *Cyrop.* Lib. viii. c. 5.

principles of our bodies, loosened from the control of the mysterious principle of life, are allowed to obey their natural affinities, and hasten to dissolution, we would not utter it. Could our departed friends speak to us, would they desire such a disgusting preservation as this? No. When the spirit has gone to God who gave it, — let “dust go down to dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes,” — and no matter how soon. Only let it be in a spot in harmony with the recollections of our friends, as they were, and were to us, when living. Let it be in retirement, away from the noise and bustle of towns and streets, and all the garish show of life. Let it be under the open sky and in the free air. Let it be amidst the “inexpressible beauty of trees” and shrubs. Let it be among the harmonies, and beauties, and sublimities of rural nature.* Let it be set apart and enclosed, as our living homes are, from vulgar intrusion. Let it be adorned with the appropriate tributes of taste and feeling, and the spot, the spot, is memorial enough for us. The ghastly and loathsome image of what was once beautiful and lovely, would only serve to interrupt the trains of thought which we most wish to cherish when we think of those who were once here.

But there are other and obvious objections to tombs or vaults, besides those of taste and sentiment. They are necessarily insecure and comparatively temporary in their duration. We only distantly allude to those offensive results that must attend their dissolution. It is impossible, that, after a series of years, they should not, in the sure process of decay, that waits on the most elaborate structures of human skill, reveal what has been committed to their charge; and those who have visited *Père la Chaise*, which has not yet an antiquity of a half a century, will understand what we mean by these remarks. Indeed we need not go so far for an illustration of our meaning. Already have numbers been

* With what just taste and manly feeling does Propertius express himself on this subject! And how remarkable are the lines, too, when viewed in contrast with the all but universal practice of his age! They are almost beautiful enough to induce us to read his other poems, — even though they be his love elegies.

“Dì faciant, mea ne terrâ locet ossa frequenti,
 Quâ facit assiduo tramite vulgus iter.
 Post mortem tumuli sic infamantur amantûm.
 Me tegat arboreâ devia terra comâ.
 Aut humet ignotæ cumulus vallatus arenæ.
 Non juvat in mediâ nomen habere viâ.”

repulsed from our own cherished Mount Auburn, by circumstances to which we can only bring ourselves thus indirectly to refer.* Tombs, moreover, as ordinarily built, are so liable to interfere with the beauty of the scene, that in the cemetery of Green Mount, at Baltimore, where, as we have said, this mode of burial peculiarly and most unhappily prevails, the board of managers have restricted, by certain regulations, what they did not feel authorized wholly to interdict, allowing no vault to be erected of more than three feet in height. They have also employed their architect to design a model for tombs, that shall be less unsightly, and better adapted to the rural aspect of the place, than those in common use in Baltimore. Their language in their report is, "To cover Green Mount with the vaults common around our city, would be to deprive it wholly of its rural character, to make that gloomy which is now bright, to destroy the cheerful visage which nature has given to the spot, and substitute in its place one of sombre melancholy." We only add on this part of the subject, that, by the establishment of rural cemeteries, the only excuse that has any speciousness in it in favor of tombs and vaults, that of gathering into proximity and preserving together the remains of families and friends, is done away, since the "secure possession" of a lot for a burial-place affords every facility for this purpose that can be desired. On the whole, we cannot but think, upon consideration of all the facts, that the comparatively modern, and in many respects objectionable practice of entombment will be done away, and that the ancient, and on all accounts preferable method of inhumation, or interment in graves, will take its place.†

* Since writing the above, we have been greatly gratified to learn that the trustees of the cemetery have passed an order, prohibiting, except under certain specified circumstances, the erection of tombs therein. This regulation is another proof of the enlightened vigilance they exercise over the important trust committed to their keeping. We cannot persuade ourselves to believe that the proprietors will not heartily respond to it. If they do not, we hesitate not to say, that the place will ere long be comparatively deserted.

† As we wish to render our remarks practically useful, and leave nothing unsaid, by which the painful circumstances attending the last rites may be alleviated, we observe that the practice of enclosing the coffin in a case of simple brick work, at the bottom of the grave, and covering it with a flat stone or marble slab, with or without an inscription, thus keeping it from direct contact with the earth around it, is, in every respect, an im-

Another important circumstance to be regarded in our burial-places, is the Epitaphs or Inscriptions on the monuments, which are there erected, if indeed any thing beyond names and dates be desired or tolerated. "Of all funeral honors," (says the venerable Weever, quoting from Camden,) "epitaphs haue alwayes beene most respectiue ; for in them loue was shewed to the deceased, memorie was continued to posteritie, friends were comforted, and the reader put in mind of human frailtie : and indeed the frequent visiting, and aduised reuiewing of the tombes and monuments of the dead, (but without all touch of superstition,) with the often reading, serious perusall, and diligent meditation of wise and religious epitaphs or inscriptions, found upon the tombes or monuments of persons of approued vertue, merit, and honour, is a great motive to bring us to repentance." ("A Discourse of Funerall Monuments," p. 47). But to secure any of these worthy purposes, epitaphs or inscriptions should be brief, condensed, solemn, suggestive, and above all, deeply and thoroughly religious in their tone. How grossly all these requisitions are constantly sinned against, is known to all. Among the millions of epitaphs that have been devised and carved on solid stone, there are a very few that are barely tolerable, while many are marked with decided silliness and affectation, and many others are so quaint and ridiculous as to find their more appropriate place in jest-books. We have before us a thick folio volume devoted to "ancient funeral monuments of Great Britain, Ireland, and the islands adjacent,"* which is filled with their inscriptions, and we have not seen a single one of the whole that is entitled to any special commendation, while there are not a few which fall under the categories last stated. We remember to have seen, many years ago, five whole vol-

provement on the common mode of shovelling the earth directly upon the coffin. And while speaking on this point, we earnestly beseech all sextons to pause, in this last office, until the mourners are out of hearing, at least.

* This book is by the worthy Weever, above referred to. It is a curious volume, and is ornamented by the "vera effigies" of the author, with his hand upon a skull, all of which is in beautiful consonance with the subject and book, and appears to be a "vera effigies" of his mind, as well as person. His biography is summed up in the following lines affixed to his portrait.

" Lancashire gave him breath,
And Cambridge education ;
His studies are of death,
Of heaven his meditation."

umes full of American epitaphs, collected by a countryman of ours, which is open to a similar remark. Of the multitude of inscriptions of the various cemeteries near Paris, including that of *Père la Chaise*, there are very few, as it seems to us, that are unexceptionable. They comprise, not unfrequently, touching expressions of human tenderness, love, and disappointed hope; are full of what the French call "*la plus touchante émotion*," and of "*une expression aussi douce que consolatrice*," and "*empreint d'une douce mélancolie*"; but among many hundreds, there is scarcely a distinct recognition of a Christian's hopes, or so much as an allusion to the great verities of a Christian's faith. The French language seems to be eminently adapted to give point, brevity, and terseness to this species of composition; and it is the more to be regretted, therefore, that it should be so often used only to ring changes on such topics as mere earthly emotions, the sleep of the grave, the frailty of human life, and the night of death. Indeed, in thinking on this subject, we are ready to respond to the sentiment of Byron, who, when he wrote it, little thought *what* an epitaph his "name alone" would be.

"O! may my shade behold no sculptured urns
To mark the spot, where earth to earth returns;
No lengthened scroll, no praise-encumbered stone;
My epitaph shall be my name alone."

In the cemetery of Mount Auburn a better taste prevails, not only with regard to inscriptions, but also in the general style and structure of the monuments on which they are inscribed. They are for the most part, in good taste, and singularly free from conceit, prettiness, and affectation.

We would further add, in reference to the adornment of our final resting-places, that not only should the graves be carefully guarded and protected, all weeds and brambles removed, and the turf kept close and green, but that they may be appropriately adorned with flowers and shrubs. We do not sympathize with some late writers who regard the planting of flowers as out of place in a grave-yard. On the contrary, we think with Mr. Irving, that it is a "beautiful and simple-hearted custom,"* and appreciate the justness of the analogy which has been felt in all ages, and happily

* See his delightful Essay on "Rural Funerals." *Sketch Book*, Vol. I.

expressed by Evelyn in his "*Sylva*." "We adorn," says he, "their graves with flowers and redolent plants, just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in Holy Scripture to those fading beauties, whose roots being buried in dishonor, rise again in glory." And again, — "This sweet flower," (the rose,) "borne on a branch set with thorns, and accompanied with the lily, are natural hieroglyphics of our fugitive, umbratile, anxious, and transitory life, which, making so fair a show for a time, is not yet without its thorns and crosses." Why should not flowers and flowering shrubs, which are among the most beautiful and wonderful creations of God, and are among the most express tokens of His beneficence, since, as has been noted by others, they are provisions for human happiness, as an ultimate purpose, — why should they not, we ask, be placed to mark the spot, where the mortal relics of those who were once most lovely and endeared to us repose? They may be, indeed, clustered there in too great profusion; they may be injudiciously arranged; they may be of a too common, flaunting, and gay character; and thus give to the grave a finical and frivolous aspect; — but still, when fitly chosen, and duly placed, they are among the most appropriate, and, we will add, the most suggestive adornments of the place. The very general practice of men in all ages shows too, that it is founded in a natural, and not in a casual association. The Greeks and Romans scattered them, not only over the funeral pile and tomb, but also over the body and bier of the departed.* The rose, first in beauty as in estimation, was employed by both these ancient nations for this purpose, but was particularly valued by the Romans. They sometimes made it a condition of inheriting their property after death, that their monuments should be strewn with roses.† The amaranth, the emblem of immortality, was held peculiarly sacred to funeral rites among the Greeks. The Thessalians, according to Philostratus, crowned the tomb of Achilles with roses. The white pothos, the parsley, and the myrtle, were in like manner employed. The urn of Philopœmen was covered with garlands. The grave of Sophocles was decorated, according to Simonides, with roses and ivy;

* Plin. Lib. xxi. c. 3.

† This appears from monumental inscriptions remaining. This is one. "UT. QUOTANNIS. ROSAS. AD. MONUMENTUM. EJUS. DEFERANT."

"Wind gentle evergreen to form a shade
 Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid.
 Sweet Ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
 With blushing roses and the clustering vine;
 Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauty hung,
 Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung."

The same tribute was paid to the tomb of Anacreon ;

"This tomb be thine, Anacreon ; all around
 Let ivy wreath ; let flowerets deck the ground."

Virgil strews over the corpse of Pallas, the leaves of the arbutus and other funeral evergreens.* The pine and cypress were held to be peculiarly funereal trees. The latter, according to Pliny,† was held sacred to Pluto ; and both were thought to be emblematical of the death of men, because when once cut off, they will not spring up again. A different but not less apt reason is suggested by Sir Thomas Browne. "In trees," says he, "perpetually verdant, lie silent expressions of surviving hopes." The tomb of Hafiz stands beneath a cypress which he planted with his own hand. Sadi asks his friends to

"rifle every floweret's bloom,
 To deck the turf that binds my tomb."

The earliest Christians discountenanced the practice, probably on account of their dislike to every thing belonging to the heathen ; but in subsequent ages, when this cause was removed, they adopted it.‡ Shakspeare, as we should expect, often refers to the same beautiful analogies. "There's rosemary," says Ophelia, "that's for remembrance, pray you love, remember ; and there's pansies, that's for thoughts."

* How beautiful is the following passage ;

"Qualem virgineo demessum pollice florem,
 Seu mollis violæ, seu languentis hyacinthi ;
 Cui neque fulgor adhuc, necdum sua forma recessit ;
 Non jam mater alit tellus, viresque ministrat." — *Æn.* xi.

† *Lib.* v. 10.

‡ Thus St. Jerome says, "Ceteri mariti super tumulos conjugum spargunt violas, rosas, lilia, purpureosque flores, et dolorem pectoris his officiis consolantur." And in a hymn of Prudentius, the following stanza occurs ;

"Nos tecta fovebimus ossa
 Violis et fronde frequenti."

We may add on the authority of Bucke, ("Beauties, &c. of Nature,") to whose third chapter we have been much indebted in this part of the subject, that the practice of placing flowers on graves prevails in Morocco, Java, China, Surat, Lapland, the South Seas, the Liew Kiew Islands, Japan, among the Indians of North America, and in Africa.

There 's a daisy ; * — I would give you some violets, but they withered all, when my father died." The appropriate gift of Perdita, in the " Winter's Tale," will at once recur to the mind here. Arviragus, in *Cymbeline*, true to the natural dictate of the heart, says ;

" With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that 's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. The ruddock would
With charitable bill, (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse."

And, with what kindred beauty, has Collins embodied these thoughts in the song beginning with, —

" To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring."

Shirley has a very touching allusion to the same practice in the " Traytor." The allusion, we hardly need say, is to Death.

" I shall be married shortly,
To one whom you have all heard talk of ;
Your fathers knew him well ; one, who will never
Give cause I should suspect him to forsake me,
A constant lover ; — one whose lips, though cold,
Distil chaste kisses : though our bridal-bed
Be not adorned with roses, 't will be green ;
We shall have virgin laurel, cypress, yew,
To make us garlands."

Indeed, the older English poets abound in tender allusions of the same kind. The following lines from Milton's " Lycidas " are among the most beautiful of that solemn strain ; —

* Commentators have been much perplexed to ascertain the allegorical meaning of the other flowers in Ophelia's parting gift. It has occurred to us that the exposition might be furnished by the poet W. Browne, who was contemporary with Shakspeare, and doubtless embodied in his verse the prevailing impression of the time. According to him, the columbine was the emblem of desertion ; and the daisy, that of beauty and innocence. Shakspeare himself, in one of his sonnets, tells us what the *violet* typifies ;

" Violet is for faithfulness
Which in me shall abide ;
Hoping likewise, that from your heart,
You will not let it slide."

“Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
 Bid amarantus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strow the laureate herse where Lycid lies.”

Chatterton, in one of the sweetest stanzas of his “Mynstrelles Song,” says;

“Heere uponne mie true love's grave,
 Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
 Nee on hallie seynete to save
 Al the celness of a mayde.”

But we may not further multiply quotations. The whole body of English poetry, which is more thoughtful and suggestive, and deals more with the real and inherent, though often remote and obscure analogies of external things with the inner heart, than all other poetry, — is fraught, throughout, with allusions to the beautiful practice of placing flowers on graves.

We conclude these remarks by a slight reference to a subject, intimately connected with the preceding, — that of Symbols or Emblems which are placed on tombs and funereal structures. Some of the more common of these are the following; — The Caudivorous Snake, Inverted Torch, Winged Globe, Hour-glass with and without wings, Cross, Harp, Globe with star surmounted by a cross, Veiled Urn, Lacrymatories or tear-vessels, Snake tasting from a bowl, Scythes, Bows with broken strings, &c. Some of these fall under the category of what are called conceits in design; some are exceptional on other accounts; and some seem to be employed on no other ground than the long-continued usage of the stone-cutters. We shall not here attempt to go deeply into the philosophy of those rules by which this species of symbolical representation should be governed. There is one principle, however, as it seems to us, which lies on the very surface of the subject, and which should never be violated. It is, that a symbol or emblem should be the natural and obvious expression of the idea or event it is intended to suggest. It is desirable, moreover, though not indispensable, that an emblem should be beautiful in itself, or at least one free from mean and offensive associations. They who have compared the sym-

bols of ancient Egypt with those of classical antiquity, will at once appreciate the force of this remark. On this account, as well as for other reasons, we must object to the emblem first named above, which has now become very common, the snake with its tail in its mouth. The only authority that we have heard assigned for this, is, that it is an old Egyptian emblem of eternity. We believe this to be an entire mistake. Pettigrew, a very high authority, says, this emblem "is not found on any Egyptian sculptured mythological representation of an early epoch." * Wilkinson, in his late learned work on Egypt, † comes to the same conclusion. His words are ; "It is doubtful if the snake with its tail in its mouth was really adopted by the Egyptians as the emblem of eternity. It occurs on papyri, encircling the figure of Harpocrates ; but there is no evidence of its having that meaning, and I do not remember to have seen it on any monuments of an early Egyptian epoch." He quotes Macrobius in a note, who declares it to be a "Phœnician mode of representing the world." The Greek writers, it is ascertained, "imagined that this emblem was used by the Egyptians to indicate the unutterable name of the eternal Ruler of the universe." ‡ We may add, that our own inquiries, after much research, including the great work of the French *savans* who accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt, have led us to the conclusion that it rests on *no early authority* of the Egyptians.

But even if the emblem were Egyptian and ancient also, it seems to us that the utter opposition between our associations and those of the early dwellers on the Nile, in relation to the snake, render it an incongruous and improper emblem for us. With them, a certain species of this class of animals was looked upon with respect, from the circumstance of their use in destroying mice and reptiles. But with us, the old curse still abides with the serpent in all its forms, and there is yet "enmity put between us and him," so that his image is to us the emblem and appropriate embodiment of guile and sin. It is thus the furthest possible from the associations we cherish in regard to our departed friends, and is, in no respect, suggestive of the emotions and sentiments proper to a burial-place. We only add on this subject, that if there be

* Pettigrew on Egyptian Mummies, p. 215.

† Second Series of the "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians." Vol. II. p. 243.

‡ Wilkinson, Vol. I. p. 178.

any soundness in these remarks, all must revolt especially from one very common use of this emblem, we mean that of the caudivorous snake *encircling the cross*.

Another of these symbols appropriated to funereal monuments is the hour-glass, employed as typical of the steady lapse of time. If this can be used singly without being liable to the objection of conceit, yet the addition of *wings* seems to constitute a very incongruous image, — a sort of mixed metaphor. The inverted torch is an emblem of undoubted antiquity, and was an appropriate symbol of death to those who believed it to be the *extinction* of life ; but with Christians, who regard death but as an event in an imperishable existence, its use is at least questionable.

We will close these remarks with a slight reference to one other of these symbols, — the winged globe. This is one of the oldest and most common that is found on Egyptian sculptures. It is said, in some books on architecture,* to be a type or symbol of the Deity. But this is probably a mistake, since, according to Wilkinson,† it is very questionable whether the Deity himself was ever represented under any form by the Egyptians, or was supposed to be “approachable unless under the name and form of some deified attribute indicative of his power.” The winged globe was probably one of this latter kind.‡ But in modern times, this emblem is almost uniformly misapplied, whether it be regarded as typical of the one or the other. Thus it may be found at the gate-way of a *railroad car-house*, in the western part of Massachusetts, where an emblem of this sacred significance will not be considered as *peculiarly* called for. It is scarcely less out of place, as we think, on the monumental structures of cemeteries, where it is often found, both in this country and elsewhere. It is at least doubtful, whether, at the present day, and under the spiritual light of Christianity, any “graven image” of the Deity, or of His attributes, should be employed ; and still more doubtful, if used, that

* In Stuart's "Dictionary of Architecture," for example.

† "Ancient Egypt," Second Series. Vol. I. pp. 178, 179.

‡ Since writing the conjecture in the text, we have ascertained it to be well founded. According to Wilkinson, (Vol. I. p. 412,) the symbol of the Winged Globe, supported by two asps, is that appropriated to Hor-Hat, or Agathodæmon, the genius who presided over the persons of kings and sacred temples. It unites the emblems of *Re*, the Sun, of *Neph*, the Spirit of the Deity, and *Mant*, Nature.

it should be derived from the ancient Egyptians, whose idolatry was so gross, sottish, and bestial, and its outward expression so grotesque, mean, and contemptible, as to render them the laughing-stock of even the idolatrous Greeks and Romans. Thus Juvenal, in one of his most severe and dignified satires, exclaims ;

“O holy nations! Sacro-sanct abodes!

Where every garden propagates its gods!”

But we do not intend to protract these remarks, and would not willingly incur the charge of hypercriticism, and especially on a subject of such seemingly small importance. We think, however, that all must agree with us, that if these symbols or emblems are used at all, they should be appropriately used ; and that all incongruity, and still more any approach to absurdity, sadly jar with the fitting associations of the place.

- ART. V. — 1. *Speech of MR. CHOATE, of Massachusetts, on the Case of Alexander McLeod, delivered in the Senate of the United States, June 11th, 1841.* Washington: “National Intelligencer” Office. 8vo. pp. 16.
2. *Speech of MR. BENTON, of Missouri, on the Case of McLeod. In Senate, Monday, June 14th, 1841.* Washington: “Globe” Office. 8vo. pp. 8.
3. *Opinion delivered by Mr. Justice COWEN, in the Matter of Alexander McLeod, in the Supreme Court, on Habeas Corpus, July Term, 1841.* (Published in the “New York Spectator” of July 14th.)
4. *Message from the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, (July 14th, 1841,) transmitting a Communication from the Secretary of State, in Relation to the Seizure of American Vessels by British armed Cruisers, under the Pretence that they were engaged in the Slave Trade; and also, Correspondence with Consul Trist, upon the Subject of the Slave Trade, in Compliance with a Resolution of the House of Representatives, of the 21st ultimo. Twenty-seventh Congress. First Session. Document No. 34.*

THERE is no question that we stand just now on rather a slippery footing with our stern mother England. The affair